

6 Pappys 8th THE *Sothby, V*
C H A S E:

A

PASTORAL DRAMA

OF

T W O A C T S.

Amor.

Multa fidem promissa levant.

HOR.

C A M B R I D G E

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

MDCCLXXII.

THE

C H A S E

PASTORAL AM A E R R A T U M.

For my, read *our*—Page 11th—24th line.



T W O A C T S

Maria Weston from the Rev. Mr.

C A M B R I D G E
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

MDCCLXXII.

T O

WILLIAM MARTIN, *Esq*; L. L. B.

One of his Majesty's Justices of the
Peace for the County of *Nottingham*.

S I R,

I Should not have presumed to have made use of your
Name, as the Patron of my Pen, had I not known
that you courted the Friendship of the Muses. This little
Drama which I now humbly offer to your impartial Eyes,
whose small intrinsic Value aspires not to those Applauses
of a crouded Audience, when habited with the gorgeous
Decorations of a Stage, may, I hope, however, merit an
Hour's Perusal in the Closet, when the fatigued Mind
demands a Relaxation from Business; there naked and un-
masked it will disclose its Deficiencies, and sue for your
Clemency, to dissipate the Anxieties which every early Wri-
ter feels for the first Production of his Brain, as does

Your devoted SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

December 17, 1771.

Dramatis Personæ.

SARRASTES,

TIBISTHEUS.

} *Two Noblemen of Arcadia.*

ALEXIS, *Son to Sarrastes, educated as a Shepherd.*

ÆGEMON.

STIMICHUS,

ALCIMEDON,

POLLIO,

TITYRUS,

LYCIDAS,

MOPSUS,

} *Shepherds.*

RODETHUSA, *Daughter to Tibistheus, educated as a Shepherdess*

MYSIS,

NEÆRA,

} *Shepherdesses.*

NYMPH *of the Groves.*

Huntsmen, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

S C E N E, A R C A D I A.

Time, about thirteen Hours.

THE
C. H. A. S. E.

A C T I.

A little after Twilight.

*On one Side appear Rocks, on the other Mountains and Vallies.
Enter Sarrastes, Tibistheus, and Egemon, with Huntsmen
and Attendants.*

SARRASTES.

NIGHT's fable Monarchy in Haste recedes,
The Stars grow faint, and smiling Light succeeds:
Behold *Aurora*! Parent of the Day,
Betwixt yon tow'ring Cliffs emits a Ray,
Fair Messenger of *Phæbus*, to proclaim
His near Approach to our ethereal Frame.
The Lark, in Raptures, spreads her russet Wings,
And, high in Air, her soft Sonatas sings:
The warbling Tenants of the Groves combine
In tender Greetings: From the lofty Pine
Sweet *Philomel* relates her tragic Tale,
As *Progne* skims across the dewy Dale:

B

The

The fleecy Tribes, awaken'd, stretch their Feet,
 But, pent in Folds, for flow'ry Meadows bleat ;
 Their happy Masters, pitying their Cry,
 Leap from their Beds, and to their Prisons hie.

Egem. To Horse, my Lords—from yonder Thicket rose
 A beamy Stag.

Tibist. I see him—there he goes.

A I R I.

Away, away,

No more Delay,

The Hounds are on the Scent :

I Mount, mount your Steeds,

Actæon speeds,

And gains the steep Ascent.

Tho' Risks alarm,

We'll fear no Harm,

Our dauntless Souls on Flame !

Down Hill, o'er Vale,

Up Rock we'll scale,

To keep in View our Game.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Alcimedon and Pollio.

Poll. Such heav'nly Music ravishes my Soul !

Let me entreat thee—

Alcim. Whither wou'dst thou prowl ?

Poll. To see the Hunt.

Alcim. To see the Hunt, thou silly !

Where is thy Nag ?

Poll. I'll saddle our dun *Philly*—

I think she's able.

Alcim.

Alcim. Yes, thy Neck to break.

Poll. Forget not, Sir, the Promise thou did'st make.

Alcim. What Promise, Boy?

Poll. That which thou mad'st last Spring—
How I should go an hunting.

Alcim. No such Thing;
Besides, the Mare's with Foal—thou can'st not go—
Get thee to work.

Poll. Consent I pray thee.

Alcim. No.

Poll. Excuse me, Sir,—I cannot work to day;
If *Pan* permits, to-morrow I'll make Hay:
Tho' not on *Dun*, there's *Egon's Diamond* yet;
He can't refuse me, as he's in my Debt.

Alcim. I like it not—Shou'd'st thou but jade his Beast,
Or break her Wind—a Quarrel's next at least.

Poll. What, Sir,—when I so oft' have kept his Sheep—
Help'd him to plough, to sow, to weed, and reap?
Thou gav'st a Promise, therefore let me go. [*Kneels down.*]

Alcim. On these Conditions, Idler, then I do:
Observe thou thine to-morrow.

Poll. So I will,

Since thou to-day dost let me have my Fill—
My Fill of Pleasure!—Gods! how I will toil—
Thou shalt not say thou dost thy *Pollio* spoil.

A I R II.

Tho' a Novice—no Matter,
My Joy is the greater,
By Use all Diversions grow vile:
'Tis Newness that causes
Such thund'ring Applauses,
And makes us run mad for awhile. [*Exit Poll.*]

Alcim.

Alcim. solus. Now to return to Buſineſs : To Night,
 In *Hymen's* Bands, theſe Foundlings we unite,
 Tho' dubious of their Loves ; but meet they muſt
 Ere to the Gods we can diſcharge our Truſt.
 Young *Rodethuſa* ſeems a toward Maid,
 Obliging, eaſy, tho' of Men afraid——
 Is Modeſty a Fault ? Girls ſhou'd be coy :
Alexis too appears a ductile Boy.
 Omitting but the Supper, we ſhou'd do——
 And, now I think on't—I'll go kill an Ewe.
 O—here comes *Stimichus*.

Enter Stimichus.

Stim. How fares it, Neighbour ?
 Doſt' long to foot it to the Pipe and Tabor ?

Alcim. No, no, my Friend—Things yet are not compleat.

Stim. Hah !——Is the Maid unwilling ?

Alcim. No——this Treat
 Puts Matters in Confuſion——Nothing's bought——
 And our Neglect perplexes ev'ry Thought.
 What makes thee ſmile ?

Stim. Thy Ignorance.

Alcim. And why ?

Stim. No Matter now——I'll tell thee by and by.

Alcim. The Bridegroom finds the Feaſt—pray does he not ?
 Indeed thou well might'ſt laugh.

Stim. Had'ſt thou forgot ?
 How did'ſt thou do when thou did'ſt *Dorcas* wed ?
 Call that to Mind : Is thy Remembrance fled ?

Alcim. Youth's former Pleaſures from us ſlip apace,
 When hoary Hairs our Memories efface.

Stim. What now, *Alcimedon* !

Alcim.

Alcim. 'Tis very true.
The Fates as yet have but begun thy Clue—
Mine's almost out!

Stim. How old dost ' think I am?
Why I was Forty when *Sol* touch'd the *Ram*.

Alcim. And I was Sixty when he left the *Scales* :
Besides, my Eyes grow dim, my Hearing fails,
And all the fore Infirmities of Age
Begin to pinch, and hale me off the Stage!

Stim. No more of this I beg—thou mak'st me quake.

Alcim. I'll to my Dame—by this Time she's awake.

Stim. About Provision.

Alcim. The main Article.

Stim. On that at present there's no need to dwell :
Step to thy *Dorcas*, but return to me,
And then these Stipulations we'll agree.

Alcim. Nay, do not stop—walk flow, and I will follow :
If thou art out of Sight I'll give a Holla. [*Exeunt Ambo.*]

SCENE, a GROVE.

The Sun rising.

Alexis appears cutting down Boughs, and singing the following Air.

AIR III.

*Oh! did the tim'rous Fair One know
The rending Pangs I feel,
With Love her frozen Heart wou'd glow,
And ev'ry Anguish heal.*

C

Unkind

The C H A S E.

*Unkind she shuns my odious Sight,
 All Vows, all Sighs are vain;
 Yet still her Syren-Beauties smite—
 Affuage, ye Gods! my Pain.*

Throughout the Night I never clos'd my Eyes,
 But pass'd the restless Hours in venting Sighs;
 Nor does the Morn afford me any Ease,
 Throbbings and parching Fires my Members seize.
 Who is there that cou'd wish to be in Love
 Like wretched me! and yet how have I strove
 To snap the cruel Fetters, and regain
 Primeval Liberty—alas, in vain!
 What art thou Love, thou strange mysterious Thing?
 Had'st thou no Sire? did'st thou from Nothing spring?
 An Origin thou had'st, from whence 'tis hid—
 Our perfect Knowledge of thee is forbid—
 Excepting this—to know thou can'st torment
 When thou for wanton Cruelty art bent.
 Till now I had no Fellowship with Pain,
 I knew not what it was to wear a Chain;
 No Virgin's Charms had smote my giddy Eyes,
 Nor was I wont to waste my Time in Sighs:
 My Days roll'd on in Ignorance and Ease;
 All Things appear'd as if conspir'd to please—
 When Tyrant Love beheld my happy State,
 And sculking caught me by a glitt'ring Bait.

A Nymph of the Groves appears.

Nymph. Crush thy Complaints, audacious Youth, and know
 The Gods, if pleas'd, may better Days bestow.

Alex. Almighty Pow'rs! protect me from her Rage! [*Aside.*
 Goddess! compassionate my tender Age— [*Kneeling.*
 If I have said amiss—forgive my Error!
 I can no more—I'm struck with such a Terror.

[*Aside.*
Nymph.

Nymph. Tho' Sorrow for awhile disturbs thy Peace,
Submit to Patience, and thy Pains shall cease :
A Father's Voice shall strike thy wond'ring Ear,
Life shall be sweet, and Joys on Joys appear. [*Vanishes.*]

Alex. Amazement!—Gone?—My Pulse denies to beat—
The Wards of Reason in Confusion meet—
This awful Visit—wherefore was it paid?
To tell me I shall wed this lovely Maid?
“ Tho' Sorrow for awhile disturbs thy Peace,
“ Submit to Patience, and thy Pains shall cease.”
This means that *Rodethusa* shall be mine,
If for the future I no more repine
At *Cupid's* Persecutions—I'll obey
The strict Injunction—Heaven shall not say
I slight its high Commands—And yet 'tis hard
To suffer Torture, and to be debarr'd
Heaving a Sigh, or letting fall a Tear.
“ A Father's Voice shall strike thy wond'ring Ear.”
It is a Sentence I cannot explain—
This I'll forget—'twill only rack my Brain.
Suppose I tell my Mother what has pass'd—
Disclose my Passion—Secrets cannot last—
She may unriddle what I can't make out—
But then, perhaps, she'll blaze it at my Rout;
And Folks may think—*Alexis* is turn'd Fool:
On second Thoughts, 'tis best to keep it cool. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a PLAIN.

Enter Mopfus.

Mop. Ho! Swain—how dar'st thou drive thy Sheep to mine?

Enter

Enter Lycidas.

Lyc. Dost' think my Sheep will deign to herd with thine?
Thou ~~larry~~ Jackanapes!

Mop. Take them away.

Lyc. That wou'd be pretty.

Mop. Wilt thou not obey?

A I R IV.

*Beware, thoughtless Swain,
Lest my Hands may be fain
To give thy thin Bones a Salute:
'Tis better to yield,
And surrender the Field,
Than come to a dang'rous Dispute.*

Lyc. Proud Boaster, come on——

I defy thee——Mop. Begone.

Lyc. Hah, Coward! dost' think to escape
A Victor, and brag?

Take that, vaunting Wag——

Say——Pride led thee into this Scrape.

[Lycidas beats Mopfus.]

Enter Tityrus.

Tit. Arcadians, fie!—do ye behave like Men?

Mop. Enough! enough!

Lyc. Wilt thou be easy then?

This Fellow had the Impudence to dare
Me to a Contest——Nay, and did declare
Himself the Victor ere we had engag'd:
Pray had not I a Cause to be enrag'd?

Mop.

Mop. Thief, hold thy Tongue—or I can something blab—
I can—that will thy Reputation stab.

Tit. Make me your Judge—I will the Quarrel end :

Mopsus, thy Charge—Thou, *Lycidas*, attend.

Mop. The Accusation I shall bring is this ;
I know in Honesty he is remiss :

As I was sitting here, keeping my Flock,
He comes and drives to them his rotten Stock,
In hopes to intermix his with my sound.

Lyc. Now let me ask—To whom belongs the Ground ?

Tit. 'Tis free to all that are *Arcadians* born.

Lyc. What say'st thou, Sir, to that ? To wrong I scorn.
My Honesty is frail—I am a Thief—
Please to expound thy Words.

Mop. I will in brief :

Did I not see thee, Varlet—did I not—
As thou wast sculking to filch *Mycon's* Goat ?
And when I cry'd—"There ! there he goes!"—away
Thou sily slunk'st, defeated of thy Prey.

Lyc. Has not a Man a Right to take his own ?
Think'st thou to have a mighty Secret blown ?
And that my Character is now undone ?
The Goat was mine—by Wrestling fairly won :
Ask *Mycon* if he can the Debt deny :
Thy peevish, stupid Malice I defy.

Who broke down *Linco's* Fence, and bark'd his Vines ?

Mop. Four Kids, two Ewes I paid—the stated Fines.

Tit. Ye both are jealous of each other's Love,
And of your Spite I cannot, Sirs, approve—
Each wants t'accuse the other where he can :
These foolish Squabbles don't become the Man—
Therefore be Friends.

D

Lyc.

Lyc. Yes, *Tityrus*, 'tis true
Love made us Foes : I'm willing to renew
Our former Friendship, since we're both to blame.

Mop. And so am I, if thou'lt renounce all Claim
To *Rodethusa*. *Lyc.* No : I'll not do that.

Tit. Come, come--shake Hands—I've thought of something.
Mop. What?

Tit. The best in Singing, his shall be the Prize :
Will you consent to that? Will that suffice?

Mop. So let it be.

Tit. She can't be both's.

Lyc. Why no—
Thou reason'st well—we'll then conclude it so.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Rodethusa and Neæra.

Rod. Heigh-ho !

Ne. Heigh-ho !

Rod. Dear Heart, how we do sigh !

Ne. I am in Love !

Rod. Alas, and so am I !

Ne. Love is a Malady that few can cure.

Rod. Till now I ever thought myself secure.

Ne. Is *Rodethusa* smote at last ?

Rod. She is.

Ne. And must my Friend her coy Reserve dismiss ?

Rod. Her Fortitude is vanish'd—*Cupid's* Dart,
That never errs, sticks in her conquer'd Heart.

Ne. Is young *Alexis* that high-favour'd Swain ?

Rod. The melting Music thrills thro' ev'ry Vein !
Alexis ! Oh how ravishing's that Sound !

Ne. *Cupid*, indeed, has made a ghastly Wound : [*Aside.*]
These burning Symptoms—when did they appear?

Rod. But Yesterday.

Ne. But Yesterday, my Dear !

Rod.

Rod. Long has the Youth confess'd himself my Slave,
To which Avowal I no Credence gave :
So far from that, his fulsome Sight I'd shun——
If Face to Face—I'd think myself undone :
And when the Tears stood quiv'ring in his Eyes—
I'd fancy him a Tyger in Disguise.
But Yesterday ! disrobed of my Fears,
This frightful Object amiable appears !
Close to a purling Brook, beneath a Shade
Of branching Elms, the lovely Boy was laid——
Pale was his Visage—languishing his Eyes——
“ Pitiless Maid !” he cry'd—three heavy Sighs
Utter'd the Rest——Compassion melts the Ice——
My Soul dissolves—I fall Love's Sacrifice !

Ne. Did not thy Countenance this Change betray ?

Rod. He saw me not—rising he went away.

Ne. I see no Reason that thou shoud'st bewail
Thy captive Heart. No—I wou'd rather hail
Thy Embryo-Bliss.

Rod. Perhaps 'tis not for me
He sighs and pines.

Ne. For whom then shou'd it be ?

A I R V.

Rod.

*'Tis Conscience that assassinate
Each rising Hope, each budding Joy :
'Tis Conscience that Dismay creates——
I've been too rigid to the Boy !
For when he comes to hear
That he to me is dear,
He'll off and cry——
“ Damsel, good bye,
“ Now I'll be shy.”*

Then

*Then have not I a Cause
To fear the Youth's Disdain?
If he his Love withdraws,
Hah! how can I complain!*

*Ne. Self-Accusation does not rack my Mind:
My Swain in me did no Resistance find;
For to his first Addresses I was kind.
I do not ask thee if thou know'st his Name.*

Rod. I may suppose 'tis Pollio.

Ne. Yes, the same—

Whence comes that Groan? [Steps behind the Scene.

Good Heav'n! whom do I see?

Pollio!

Rod. My Brother?—It can never be.

[Steps behind the Scene.

*Pol. [behind] A Murrain seize the Brute!--What Sister here?
I'm glad to find Assistance is so near—
Fly—catch the Beast—I'll baste the stumbling Jade!*

Ne. [behind] My Pollio lives!

Pol. [behind] Hah!--how dost' do, sweet Maid?

Ne. [behind] Give me thy Hand.

Pol. [behind] Sister, why dost thou stay?

Quick, quick—or else the Beast will run away.

[They come forward.

*Ne. What ails the Youth? Oh, how his Eye-balls roll!
He shakes! he pants! he raves! he's mad, poor Soul!*

*Rod. Vex not thyself—The Lad is very well;
No baneful Accident has him befall;
A Fall has only discompos'd his Play—
He'd better stay'd at Home and made his Hay.*

Pol. Let loose my Arms.

Rod.

Rod. Ill-manner'd Numscull!

Ne. Peace! [To Rodethusa.

Thou wilt not go?

Pol. Then give me a Release.

[A Sound of Horns at a Distance.

A I R VI.

Pol. Hark! the merry-ton'd Horn—

Ne. Wou'd I'd never been born!

Pol. Has unharbour'd the out-lying Stag—

Rod. Why, Brother,—for Shame!

Pol. Now the Hounds seize the Game—

Ne. Ungrateful!—Pol. And here I must lag.

Ne. Away, false Swain! no more I'll court

Thy tiresome Stay—pursue thy Sport.

Pol. My Life, fond Maid, is wholly thine,

But let these few short Hours be mine.

Ne. Away! away!

Rod. Who bids thee stay?

[Excunt Omnes.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

E

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE, a GROTTO.

Rodethusa and Neæra appear sitting.

RODETHUSA.

I Know what racking Conflicts tear thy Soul—
 And pity thee—but let soft Love controul.
Ne. Hah! *Rodethusa*, what dost thou prescribe?
Rod. Object not—pause not—my Advice imbibe.
Ne. Cou'dst thou put up with this Indifference?
 Wou'dst thou not chase the faithless Boy from hence?
 [Laying her Hand on her Bosom.

How easy 'tis good Counsels to impart,
 But to pursue those Counsels is the Art.

Rod. Hear me, *Neæra*—*Pollio* is young—
 To call him faithless thou dost do him wrong—
 He loves, adores thee.

Ne. Yes—he is thy Brother:
 And, without Doubt, ye oft' assist each other.
Rod. How? Dost thou think that I wou'd aid Deceit?
 Mistrustful Maid—I scorn to love a Cheat.

A I R VII.

*From Infancy, in Friendship's Ties,
 As yet we've walked Hand in Hand;
 Our Hopes and Fears, without Disguise,
 We told, and wanted no Demand.*

Shall

Shall one harsh Doubt obscure the Flame

Which to this Hour has been so clear ?

Shall Discord to the World proclaim

We are not to each other dear ?

Ne. Excuse my rash Surmise—my Grief provok'd
My Tongue to utter what I shou'd have choak'd.
Friendship's a Blessing I shall ever prize,
So precious and so pleasing are its Ties.
Thou say'st thy Brother loves.

Rod. I do—and know it.

Ne. In my Anxiety pray did he show it?

Rod. I blame him there—but this I can attest,
The Joys of Hunting had his Mind possess'd :
For, 'till this Morn, he never cou'd acquire
My Father's Leave to see the Stag expire ;
And having the Misfortune of a Fall,
It made him cross.

Ne. Th' Apology, tho' small,
Conveys some Ease.

Rod. Let's to our fleecy Care—
While we are absent they may badly fare.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

SCENE, a Room in Stimichus's Cot.

Enter Alexis, with Myfis behind him.

Alex. This Morn's Adventure, and this tim'rous Maid,
Engage my whole Attention : I'm afraid
My Mother will remark it—then I must
To her Direction these same Secrets trust.

Myf.

Myf. Alexis!

Alex. [astonish'd] Here!

Myf. Look at me.

Alex. I obey.

Myf. Tell me, I beg, what troubles thee to Day?

Alex. [faltering] Me!—Madam—Nothing.

Myf. Nothing? This is strange.

Pray, Sir, what makes thy Countenance to change?

What—I am not discreet enough to hear

A Son's sweet Secrets—my obedient Dear?

[Chucks him under the Chin.]

Alex. That she o'erheard me I can make no Doubt:

Vexation on it! now they all must out. *[Aside.]*

Myf. Hide Nothing from me.

Alex. With Attention hear:

Know that a Goddess did this Morn appear.

Myf. A Goddess! Boy—then it was in a Dream.

Alex. To thee, who saw her not, so it may seem.

Whilst I was hewing Wood within the Grove,

And fighting at the Cruelty of Love,

(Who can ward off his never-erring Dart!

I'm sure I try'd—but it was past my Art!)

A Deity, in shining Robes, confess'd

Before me stood, and thus thy Son address'd:

“Crush thy Complaints, audacious Youth—and know—

“The Gods, if pleas'd, may better Days bestow:

“Tho' Sorrow for awhile disturbs thy Peace,

“Submit to Patience, and thy Pains shall cease:

“A Father's Voice shall strike thy wond'ring Ear;

“Life shall be sweet, and Joys on Joys appear.”

[Myfis meditates and retires.]

My Mother will remark it—then I must

What

What can the Meaning of this Silence be ?
Some wonderful Event she does foresee.

[Walks about for some Time.

Re-enter Myfis with Stimichus and Alcimedon.

Stim. Who is this cold inexorable Fair—
This Idol of thy Soul ? Her Name declare.

Alex. A Sire's Command Alexis will obey :
Thy Daughter—Rodethusa. [To Alcimedon.

Alcim. Then away—

Myf. Seek for this Beauty.

Stim. And conduct her here.

Alex. Am I awake ? Ye Gods, what do I hear !
Do ye indeed consent she may be mine ?
Father ! Alcimedon !

Alcim. This Night she's thine.

A I R VIII.

Alex. Waft me, Cupid ! waft me straight,
To my dear enchanting Mate !
Who relenting,
Is consenting
To obey the Voice of Fate.

Eased of her late Alarms,
Love has added to her Charms,
Peace and Pleasure
Without Measure—

Hark ! she calls me to her Arms !

[Exit Alexis.

Myf. What think ye now ?

F

Stim.

Stim. That 'tis by Heaven's Hand
All is conducted.

Alcim. That their Births are grand.

SCENE, a PLAIN.

Enter Tityrus solus.

Tit. Now these two Fools take me to be their Friend,
And on a Lover let their Suit depend :
What Service 'tis to have one's Thoughts acute !
By interposing in their Morn's Dispute
I gain Esteem, and only them reserve
For worser Broils, which will my Purpose serve.
Shou'd I succeed in this my Stratagem,
Whate'er I do will all be laid to them.
Suppose, for fear the Maid shou'd me betray,
I rob her of her Tongue——The safest Way
After Enjoyment. Hush ! I hear them coming——
Upon his Lyre young *Lycidas* is thrumming.

Enter Lycidas, Mopsus, and other Shepherds.

Lyc. Now, *Tityrus*, lend thy impartial Ear
To this our Match——*Arcadian* Swains draw near.

Tit. Who first begins ?

Lyc. Thou, *Mopsus*——or shall I ?

Mop. It matters not.

Lyc. My Voice I first must try.

[*Hums to his Lyre.*]

AIR

A I R IX.

[Lycidas begins.]

Woman, Nature's fairest Jewel,
 Man's chief Pride and Happiness;
 Sometimes tender, sometimes cruel,
 Fond of pleasing, loth to bless.
 Yield, dear Charmer, yield and ease me;
 Time is always on the Wing:
 Ever will I strive to please thee;
 Yield, now Beauty's in its Spring.

[Mopsus begins.]

A I R X.

Little Cupids, hear my Pray'r,
 Commis'rate Woes that know no Cure;
 To the beauteous Maid repair,
 Relate the Pangs that I endure:
 Tell her, in the softest Sighs,
 It is to her I owe them all:
 Gently whisper, "Mopsus dies!"
 That only she can Life recall.

Tit. To say which of you two deserves the Prize
 I cannot—So some other Match devise. [Exit Tityrus.]

Lyc. What must we do? I think she shou'd be mine.

Mop. Nay, hold thee there—don't fancy she is thine—
 My Right is best, because I sung the last.

First Shep. In my Opinion you shou'd Lots up cast.

Lyc. I'll not agree to that.

Mop. Nor I.

First

First Shep. How then ?

Second Shep. By *Pan* ! I think you both two merry Men.

Lyc. Neither of us has got the Sire's Consent.

Mop. Nor have I to the Maid my Mind unbent.

Lyc. I'll with thee to *Alcimedon*.

Mop. Agreed.

Lyc. Let him the Case decide.

Mop. Well, then, proceed.

[*Exeunt Lycidas and Mopfus.*]

Second Shep. Ha, ha, ha, ha—Good Luck attend you, Sirs.

First Shep. Did'st thou e'er hear of two such silly Curs ?

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Sarraftes solus.

Sar. A sudden Dizziness attacks my Head,
My Blood runs cold, my Spirits too are fled :

I must desist from following the Chase,

Tho' I am loth to leave it with Disgrace—

Tibistheus will excuse me : I'll repair

To some good Shepherd's Cot, and rest me there. [*Going.*]

Enter Alexis.

Alex. I am afraid, my Lord, thou art not well :
May I conduct thee to my Father's Cell ?

Sar. Thanks, courteous Youth—thy Offer I receive.

Alex. My Lord, I'll step and fetch thy Horse, with Leave.

Sar. I will not trouble thee—If 'tis not far

The Walk may be of Service to me—Hah !

Sure I shou'd know those Features !

Alex. How his Eyes

Are fix'd on mine—what strange Commotions rise

Within me—ev'ry Word he utters shakes

My wond'ring Soul !

Sar. No—Yet there's something makes

Me }

Aside.

Me feel I know not how !

Alex. Why do we stay ?

Sar. O Thought, rack me no more !

Alex. My Lord, this Way. [Exeunt Ambo.

Afide.

SCENE, a GROVE.

[Shrieking behind.

Enter Tityrus with Rodethusa Prisoner.

Rod. Where wou'dst thou lead me, barbarous Man ?

Tit. To Joy.

Rod. Villain !—doft' think my Honour to decoy !

Tit. Those pretty ruddy Cheeks ! those sparkling Eyes !
Can't they shew Pity to a Shepherd's Sighs !

Rod. What doft thou mean by this Impertinence ?

Tit. My Fairest, I'm in Love.

Rod. By what Pretence ?

Tit. By those enticing Charms that smote my Heart !

Rod. Off ! let me go ! [Struggling.

Tit. No—thou must cure the Smart.

Enter Neæra.

Ne. Where has this Ruffian borne my injur'd Friend ?
Protect her, Gods ! the virtuous Maid defend !

A I R XI.

Rod. Fell Monster ! forbear

My Honour to tear !

Tit. 'Tis in vain to contend

When there's none to befriend.

G

Ne.

Ne. *Help! help! she's undone!*

Oh, where shall I run!

Rod. Tyrant! Monster! Ne. *Oh, she falls!*

Tit. Now I have thee—Ne. Help! Alex. Who calls?

Enter Alexis.

What a Scene! Who can it be?

Ne. Rodethusa! Alex. *Is it she!*

Alex. Down, Villain! to the deepest Gulf in Hell—
In Lakes of Sulphur there thy Passions quell!

[Knocks down Tityrus.]

Rod. May Heav'n the charitable Deed repay!

Alex. Thy Pray'r is heard—Rise, Love, and let's away.

Rod. Alexis my Deliverer?

Alex. Thy Mate.

Rod. How irresistible art thou, O Fate!

Alex. Hymen has light'd his Torch—all Things prepar'd—
To me thy Father this our Blifs declar'd.

Ne. Celestial Pow'rs, be prais'd!

Rod. Art thou sincere?

Alex. Am I not then to Rodethusa dear,
That she shou'd disbelieve her constant Swain?

Rod. I yield, my Hand is thine—no more complain.

Ne. May Cupid still encrease your mutual Fires,
And ev'ry Blessing crown your chaste Desires.

[Exeunt Alexis, Rodethusa, and Neæra.]

Tit. *[recovering]* Am I alive or dead? I wish the latter!
Since Fortune chooses all my Hopes to scatter.

By Pluto, and by his infernal Crew!

I wish I had return'd the Dog his Due:

To shew my Face; wou'd be to get me pelted:

Friends I have none, so I cannot be shelter'd:

To

To foreign Meads I'll drive my little Stock,
And live retired under some kind Rock.

[Exit Tityrus.]

A I R. XII.

CHORUS behind the Scenes.

What Joys with the Chase can compare

There's nothing can drive away Care

So soon as the Chase,

When Actæon we trace ;

Who bounding before us,

Horns and Hounds in full Chorus,

We cutting the thin yielding Air.

O'er Lawns and thro' Forests we fly,

The swift-footed Stag in our Eye,

Which we never lose,

But soon him inclose ;

His Strength now exhausted,

With Bites he's accosted—

Alas ! poor Actæon must die.

Enter Tibistheus and Ægemon.

Ægem. This Day has been a Day of glorious Game !

Tibist. Its like before did ne'er my Soul inflame :

The eager Hounds, with double Warmth, pursu'd

The starting Deer ; as if the Gods them view'd :

For when the Scent came strong in ev'ry Breeze,

Impatient for Approach, they rush'd with Ease

Thro' thorny Thickets, then like Lightning flew,

Snuffing the Steps imprinted in the Dew :

The panting Deer for Breath awhile stood still,

But the stanch Pack disdain'd to use him ill :

With

With their loud Cries the Vallies round us rung,
 Till blowing with our Horns, away he sprung;
 But leaping o'er a Bush he miss'd his Aim;
 The Hounds came up, and seiz'd the royal Game.

Enter Stimichus.

Stim. Art thou my Lord *Tibistheus*, Sir?

Tibist. Yes, Friend.

Stim. My Lord *Sarraftes* begs thou'lt me attend.

Tibist. Was he not with us at the Death?—Lead on:

[*To Stimichus.*

Couple the Hounds, and wait—we'll here anon.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE, the Outside of *Stimichus's* Cot.

Tables and Benches before the Door.

Enter Lycidas and Mopfus.

Lyc. Hey-day!—and what is going forwards here?
 Seats, Tables, Trenchers—here's to be some Cheer.

Mop. 'Tis well we came at such a lucky Hour;
 We may be bidden if the Cream's not four.
 Here is the very Man.

Alcimedon enters from the Cot.

Lyc. Speak thou.

Mop. Not I.

Alcim. Whom want ye, Shepherds?

Lyc. Let's make some Reply.

[*Alcimedon going.*
 Stay,

Stay, Master, stay—Our Business is with thee.

Alcim. Declare it then : Cou'd ye nor hear, nor see?

Mop. Be quick, or else thou'lt spend thy Breath in vain;
Old Age is cross—thou must not him detain.

[*Aside to Lycidas.*

Lyc. Thou hast a Daughter, Sir—a Beauty rare.

Alcim. Whose Name is *Rodethusa*—Yes, she's fair;
And, what is more, at present she's a Maid.

Mop. Out with it—now's the Time—don't be afraid.

[*Aside to Lycidas.*

Lyc. O happy Youth ! who shall this Virgin wed—
None but celestial-born must with her bed.

Mop. What think'st thou, Sir, of me—I'm plump and jolly—

Lyc. I'm light and nimble—

Mop. Free from Melancholy—

Lyc. Wary—

Mop. Pacific—

Lyc. Ever toiling—

Mop. Wealthy.

Lyc. And, *Pan* be prais'd ! my Constitution healthy—

Alcim. Celestial-born ! No Mortal can survive
The rushing of a God—Do not deprive
An hoary Father of his Age's Joy :
I have engag'd her to a Neighbour's Boy ;
And to retract a Promise is not right—
To give or take, my Soul disdains a Slight :
Let your ethereal Mansions you receive,
And to ourselves us petty Mortals leave.

[*Exit Alcimedon.*

Lyc. Here ends our Rivalship—the Game is flown,

Mop. Dost thou repine at Fate ?—Let's laugh, not moan.

Lyc. True ; Friendship has no Thorn to stunt its Blade ;
Now it may spread, and hide us in its Shade. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

H

Enter

Enter Alexis and Rodethusa.

A I R XIII.

Alex. *Sweet Elysium!* Rod. *Ecstasy!*

Alex. *Happy, happy, happy me!*

Rod. *Lost in Pleasure's Maze I roam!*

Alex. *These Arms, my Dear, shall guide thee Home.*

Rod. *Lovely Creature!*

Alex. *Pride of Nature!*

Both. *When on those bright Eyes I gaze!
I glow! I burn! I melt! I blaze!*

Enter Tibistheus, Stimichus, Alcimedon, Pollio, and Neæra, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses.—Sarrastes and Myfis come forth from the Cot.—

Tibist. *I hear, Sarrastes, that thou hast been ill.*

Sar. *Yes: I was seized with a sudden Chill,
And, fearful of some Danger, left the Chase—*

But, praise the Gods! my Health returns apace.

Thou wilt excuse my sending for thee here,

These honest Shepherds have a Wedding near,

Which Fancy much induces me to see.

Tibist. *'Tis well: It will be pleasing too to me.*

Are those the Couple? What a graceful Pair!

Stim. *And yet, my Lords, we know not who they are.*

Sar. *Are they not your's then?*

Rod. *What do I hear!*

Alex. *Fear not, my Love--Heav'n will these Matters clear.*

Stim. *Passing, my Lords, one Morning by the Cave,*

Whose rocky Back divides the surging Wave,

A Place which we with sacred Awe revere,

An Infant's Cry struck my astonish'd Ear:

Approaching

Approaching to the Avenue, I spy'd
 A Babe in Velvet wrapp'd, and by its Side
 A little Hound, (which with us liv'd and died.)
 After examining my precious Prize,
 I bore it Home, wiping it's watry Eyes:
 My Dame delighted much with what I'd done;
 We brought him up, and call'd the Youth our Son.

Myf. He'th been a dutiful and sober Boy;
 Tho' not my Child, he is my chiefest Joy.

Alcim. Some few Days after, Sirs, as I pass'd by
 That sacred Cave, I heard an Infant's Cry,
 And ent'ring in—a beauteous Infant found,
 And by its Side another little Hound:
 (For, this my Friend, had told me, Sirs, before
 Of his Adventure, which made me the more
 Astonish'd at this second Incident)

Recov'ring from my deep Surprize, I went
 And took the Infant up, and to my Cot
 Convey'd it, pleas'd with the sweet Load I'd got.
 As she in Years, so she in Beauty grew,
 To Honour humble, and to Virtue true.

Tibist. What mean these strong Emotions that so shake
 My troubled Soul!

Sar. 'Tis surely no Mistake!
 Those handsome Features all confess the Mother!
 And, lo! I see *Tibistheus* in the other—

A Nymph of the Groves appears.

Nymph. The Gods no longer will your Births conceal.
 Children advance, and to your Parents kneel.

[*Vanishes.*

[*They all appear astonished, and a profound Silence
 continues for some Time.*]

Sar.

Sar. My Son!

Tibist. My Daughter!

Alex. and Rod. Sire!

Stim. The Myſ'try's out—

Rejoice, my Friends, and greet them with a Shout!

[*A general Shout.*

Alcim. Lift up your Voices—let the Air resound.

[*Another Shout.*

Rod. Have I a Father lost—a Father found!

Tibist. Yes—but a cruel Father!—Oh, my Child!

Necessity parental Love beguil'd:

A num'rous Offspring forc'd me to expose

Thee, injur'd Innocence, to bring up those

Whom angry Heav'n had said thou'd never live

To bless a Father so severe—forgive!—

[*Weeps o'er his Daughter.*

Rod. Oh, Sir—thou art too good!

Sar. Pardon, my Son,

What thy unnat'ral, barb'rous Sire has done—

'Twas I who sent thee hither—Yes! 'twas I

Who thee expos'd to thirst, to starve, to die!

The same which forc'd *Tibistheus* to the Act,

Forc'd also me—but Heav'n chose to retract

Her former Blessings to revenge the Deed.

[*Embraces his Son.*

Tibist. But what shou'd the connubial Rites impede,

Sarrastes?

Sar. Thou hast my Consent.

Tibist. Tho', stay—

Here are some Debts which we have first to pay.

[*Sarrastes and Tibistheus commune with Stimichus and Alcimedon.*]

Rod.

Rod. Has my good Brother his Excuses made ?

Ne. He has, my Dear.

Rod. Then let your Loves be laid
Before the Company.

Ne. That is not fair.

Alex. Neæra, fie!—can'st thou refuse a Share
Of Mirth and Love ?—It is thy Friend's Request.

Rod. Pollio ?

Poll. Pray speak a Word.

Ne. She is in Jest.

[*Afide to Pollio.*]

Rod. Since you design'd this for a Wedding-Night,
This am'rous Pair you also must unite.
This, Sir, my Brother was.

[*Handing Pollio to Tibistheus.*]

Tibist. I'll stand his Friend.

Alex. This, Sir, my Sister was.

[*Handing Neæra to Sarraustes.*]

Sar. Son, I attend.

Tibist. I'll make a Settlement.

Sar. And so will I.

Stim. My Lords!—

Alcim. This is too much—

Tibist. Make no Reply.

Poll. By Pan ! this has been a most glorious Day—
I think 'tis Time to leave off making Hay ;
Now I may have my Belly-full of Hunting !

Ne. If thou in Gratitude be never wanting.

A I R XIV.

C H O R U S.

To Heaven our Voices in Songs let us raise,
And warble our Gratitude, Wonder, and Praise.

I

Alex.

Alex. O Virtue! Source of every Joy, and all I crave,
Thy Guidance still I crave,
Lest Wealth and Honour me decoy,
And I become their Slave.

Rod. As yet thou hast a Parent been,
And lent thy friendly Aid;
Still keep my Heart secure and clean,
Thou gone—'twill rust and fade.

C H O R U S

Submit to Care,
And ne'er despair;
All Pains shall have an End;
The virtuous Mind
Shall ever find
In Heav'n a tender Friend.

[Exeunt Omnes]

F I N I S

A I R X I V

C H O R U S

